The. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colte: hee knowes not the ſtoppe. A good moral! my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake; but to ſpeake true.

Hyp. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child on a Recorder, a ſound; but not in gouernement.

The. His ſpeach was like a tangled Chaine; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thisby, *and* Wall, *and* Moone-ſhine, *and* Lyon.

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow.
But, wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine,
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would knowe:
This beautious Lady *Thiſby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough caſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through wals chinke, poore ſoules, they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with lanterne, dogge, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe louers thinke no ſcorne
To meete at *Ninus* tombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thyſby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall:
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweete youth, and tall,
And findes his truſty *Thiſbyes* mantle ſlaine:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boyling bloody breaſt.
And *Thiſby*, tarying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they doe remaine.

Exit

The. I wonder, if the Lyon be to ſpea

Demet. No wonder, my Lord. One many Aſſes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thysby, *and* Mo

Wall. In this ſame enterlude it doth b
That I, one *Flute* (by name) preſent a wa
And ſuch a wall, as I would haue you thi
That had in it a cranied hole or chinke:
Through which the louers, *Pyramus*, and
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This lome, this rough caſt, and this ſtone
That I am that ſame wall: the truth is ſo
And this the cranie is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull louers are
The. Would you deſire lime and hair
Deme. It is the wittieſt partition, th
courſe, my Lord.

The. *Pyramus* drawes neare the wall:
Py. C grim lookt night, o night, with
O night, which euer art, when day is not
O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke
I feare my *Thisbyes* promiſe is forgot.
And thou ô wall, ô ſweete, ô louely wall
That ſtandſt betweene her fathers grou
Thou wall, ô wall, O ſweete and louely
Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through
Thankes curteous wall. *Ioue* ſhield thee
But what ſee I? No *Thiſby* doe I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whome I ſee n
Curſt be thy ſtones, for thus deceiuing m
The. The wall mee thinkes, being ſen
againe.

Pyr. No, in truth Sir, he ſhould not. *Dee*
Thiſbyes cue: ſhe is to enter now, and I a
Her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it w

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